

THE COLUMBIA EVENING MISSOURIAN

Published every evening except Sunday by the Missouriian Publishing Association, Inc., Jay H. Neff, Editor, Columbia, Missouri.

ALFONSO JOHNSON, MANAGER.

City: Cash-in-advance: Year, \$4.00; 6 months, \$2.00; 3 months, \$1.00.

By the week, 10 cents; single copies, 5 cents.

By Mail in Boone County: Year, \$3.00; 6 months, \$1.50; 4 months, \$1.00.

Outside the County: Year, \$4.50; 3 months, \$1.25; month, 45 cents. Payable in advance.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:
News 274
Advertising and Circulation 55
Society 320

FREE SPEECH AND PRESS.

Ever since Milton made his famous plea for the unlicensed press, we have had assemblies and individuals favoring the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press.

It does not seem probable that the framers of the new constitution for the state of Missouri will leave this important measure out of their work. But to impress on them that there is just as much necessity for free speech and a free press now as there was in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the Missouri Press Association goes on record with a resolution calling the attention of the State Constitutional Convention, calling their attention to this important item.

It is hard to conceive of a free and noble country that does not allow free speech and a free press. Free press means only that each individual shall have a right to speak and write those things which he thinks are right. Of course, he is taking the responsibility for slander or libel if such should be the case.

No law should ever be passed that will infringe the personal rights of American citizens, singularly or collectively, whether it be their rights on the highways, before the courts, or their right to expound their theories and to express their opinions.

We should by all means have this measure in our new constitution. It is well that the press association called the attention of the convention to it.

The Independence Examiner has completed seventeen years of stirring service. Beginning without capital or prestige, it has become one of the most influential journals in Missouri, due to the fine personality of its chief owner and editor, William Southern.

COURT LAXITY.

The warden of Sing Sing prison is crying out in dismay. Prisoners are arriving there at a rate of ten a day and the prison is already filled to capacity. Just what the warden would do if all criminals arrested were brought to trial and were convicted is a matter of conjecture.

Certainly a great many criminals escape merited punishment through subtle technicalities of the law and a general laxity of the courts. The unreasonable leniency shown some offenders, the ease with which they get bond, the ease with which they get out of the writ of habeas corpus all contribute to the frustration of justice. Adding to this wholesale pardons given out by some pardon boards and society, and we face a situation which nearly borders on mockery of the law.

The cry of law enforcement is useless under such circumstances. Without more drastic court regulations and some method of plugging the technical loopholes through which criminals go free there can be no efficient law enforcement. Professional criminals have come to consider an arrest merely as a temporary interruption in their daily activities. The same spirit tends to prevail to some extent among the police quarters. Officers close their eyes to crime because they know that arrests are futile, since they will very likely lead to no punishment at all.

The courts have it in their power to minimize the amount of crime in the United States. A conscious and earnest effort should be made by them to

make the courts feared and respected by all thereby regaining the confidence of law abiding citizens.

A judiciary which does not do this fail in its primary function.

A Jersey City landlord has not only demanded that all his tenants must have children, but has also built a baby-carriage garage for their use. He doesn't seem to realize that the day of children has passed and that what he should have built is a dog kennel.

WHERE PARIS FAILS.

To be a la mode in "Gay Paree" women must be tightly laced to get the "wasp-waist" effect and have their toes amputated in order that they may squeeze an already small foot into a smaller shoe. The men who create styles have leagued themselves for pecuniary reasons with the manufacturers of corsets, which have suffered a decrease in sales because of flapper fashions. They are remunerating several of the ultra-modern society "ladies" to make martyrs of themselves by parading at the watering places in a basque. Well knowing the imitative spirit that is in almost every woman, they hope to create a demand for the whims of these modistes.

Just how will the American woman accept these radical changes in dress? Will she sacrifice her comfort and freedom and be caught in the "reign of terror" which is in sight in Paris or will she rebel against it?

Dress styles that violate every rule of modesty and hygiene and good sense have no place in America. The American women will see the humor of the situation and sweetly but firmly stick to the common sense clothes which are here to stay.

THE NEW BOOKS

"Children of the Marketplace." This book, "Children of the Marketplace," besides being a novel of much interest, depicts the half-century prior to the Civil War in an historical style, both pleasing and instructive. It is a fictitious autobiography of Edgar Lee Masters, the author, who was born in London, June 18, 1815, the day of Waterloo.

As a youth of 18, the story's principal character comes to America, to find a sparsely populated country whose chief transportation facilities are boat and stage coach. Going to a small town in Illinois he becomes closely acquainted with Stephen Douglas, later prominent for his political career as the opponent of Abraham Lincoln.

The wealth which the imaginary author accumulates enables him to be of much help to Stephen Douglas. The history is closely woven into a romance of more than passing interest.

(MacMillan, New York; 469 pages.)

MISS LUCY LAWS HAS MANY RELICS RELATING TO COLLEGE HISTORY

Far better than the mining of a gold-crowned king, is the safe-kept memory of a lovely thing.

To the "old girls" returning to their Alma Mater in this Homecoming year, and confronted with bewildering changes, Miss Lucy Laws, for twenty-five years a member of the faculty at Christian College, represents a link between the old days and the new; she is rich in old relics, traditions and memories.

Miss Laws was graduated from Daughters' College at Harrodsburg, Ky., under the administration of James Augustus Williams, the first president of Christian College. She came to Columbia in 1897 and for almost twenty years occupied the position of dean or principal, and the official sponsor of the junior class.

In the library, over which she now presides, and on the historic old table, also from Kentucky, Miss Laws exhibits an interesting collection of relics whose history is intimately connected with that of the institution. Photographs of college folk ranging from the first president, John Augustus Williams, to the youngest child of the third generation of graduates, and sketches of the main building in pre-war days, are displayed.

A faded copy of the Weekly Missouri State Journal, bearing the date, July 17, 1856, contains the baccalaureate address of President Williams, and another, the valedictory of a graduate. The collection also includes the complete number of college annuals from the first "Chronicle" to the "1922 College Widow."

The year 1895 marked the beginning of the custom of bestowing a gift upon the junior class by the seniors, for a handsome thorn staff, bearing that date was handed down to the succeeding classes. Each class placed a gold band bearing its motto upon the staff for seventeen successive years. When there was room for no more, the gift in 1911 took the form of a silver-plated ebony gavel. This custom, however lasted only one year. The gift was presented as the last feature of the senior class day program, and its presentation and acceptance were usually accompanied with a poem or some clever witticism.

M. U. Might Have Been Located in Rocheport; Town Claims Association

From a Rambler's Sketchbook, accompanied by a sketch drawn by Homer Dye, a former student in the School of Journalism.

There was a time when Rocheport, Mo., might have been the location of the University of Missouri. But one Mr. Rollins and other influential citizens of Columbia—with an influence backed by actual funds for actual establishment—determined otherwise.

Notwithstanding the victory of Columbia something more than a half century ago, Rocheport still maintains a perennial claim of association, with the University of Missouri. What student of Missouri's seat of culture is there who, at some time during his sojourn there, has not basked in the spell of Rocheport, the old river town with its swallows swooping over the river, and the long-swept tobacco warehouse sprawling along the river bottom, its prime mid-Victorian brick mansions mellowing into respectable shabbiness, its cobblestone streets meandering beside doormats of lilac and hollyhock, its limestone cliffs and river bluffs rearing amazingly against vagrant clouds?

A pleasant motor ride of a fraction of an hour will set the student outing party into the historic old town, but to journey thus to Rocheport is to disregard the true traditions of the Mecca of Missouri. To do Rocheport justice, the student must make it the goal of the "hiking party."

Arising much earlier than is convenient to students who look upon the 8 o'clock class as a supreme hardship, the hiking party boards the little accommodation train which chugs down to Mekeene, where the "hike" begins. By the same process of reasoning that determines that "beyond the Alps lies Italy," so Rocheport lies nine miles more or less westward.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

Journalism and Literature.

From the Kansas City Star.
Herbert Quick has been telling the School of Journalism at Missouri University something about the difference between journalism and literature. Mr. Quick, who has worked in both fields and been successful in both, puts it this way for short: Journalism is an industry and literature is an art.

He developed this view by showing that art must be unburied and the slow product of time and care. Journalism, he admitted, may often have a power that literature lacks, but can never have its finish. Journalism has no time for the processes of art. It must produce day by day, each day a completed job. Such work, Mr. Quick thinks, calls for an artisan, not an artist.

This is an interesting view, and we suspect a controversial one. Perhaps it all may depend upon a definition of terms. It will hardly do to say that journalism has produced no literature, and if literature is an art a journalist may therefore sometimes be an artist. If again art can never be hurried, what shall we call Voltaire's "Candide" which was written in three days? or Johnson's "Rasselas" which was written in a week? These books are either literature written by journalists, or journalism produced by artists, and neither literature nor journalism is likely to quarrel with either conclusion.

We suspect more and more that nobody can draw these distinctions quite so hard and fast as these terms would make them. There must be some play of forces, something reciprocal between journalism and literature that provides at least a debatable ground between them. The boundary isn't fixed. Journalism frequently makes incursions into literary territory and literature projects at many points into the domain of journalism. The amount of time and care a writer puts into his work undoubtedly may be reflected in its quality, but time and care go into journalism to a much greater extent than might be supposed. Behind an hour of writing there may be years of reading, study and preparation. How shall it be said then that the hours' product is hurried, and therefore cannot be literature? It may not be literature, but the reasons it is not will usually appear without inquiry into the circumstances of its production. If it is literature it is literature none the less because it was produced by a journalist in a hurry.

On the whole it must be said Mr. Quick has left this subject pretty much where he found it, as do we.

With the Editors Here.
(By Mary Blake Woodson in the Kansas City Times.)

The thirteenth annual Journalism week at the University of Missouri has just passed. In the beginning it was an always delightful but more serious

Toward noon the hikers arrive at Rocheport where they toast weiners, and where the co-eds of the party have been known to bathe aching feet in cool, subterranean waters. A resumption of the hike and "Pirate's rock" comes into view, and on farther down the track a clear spring gushes from the limestone cliff. Then on and on, and rounding the bluffs, Rocheport at last.

It is safe then to look back with relief, and contemplate the long curve of the railway track that alternately dangles over the swift, quiet flow of the Missouri, and dodges under white limestone cliffs that blend to intense yellow where they stand in contrast to the blue sky. In the midst of the grandeur where man has built his road of steel, a little crew of section hands work leisurely on, keeping up the eternal vigilance—and the silent current swings past jutting boulders and driftwood.

There are many things of interest to be seen in Rocheport, but the hikers for the most part content themselves waiting for the evening train to carry them back to McBaine, where connections are made later for Columbia.

Up on the hill are "Indian burial mounds," and the professors who chapter one the party divide their interest between them and talking philosophy with the old fisherman who lives in a ramshackle houseboat at the mouth of the creek.

George C. Bingham, Missouri's pioneer artist, obtained many subjects for his paintings in Rocheport, notably, "The Election," and "The Jolly Flatboat Man," while he was engaged as Missouri University's first art instructor. John S. Ankeney, present head of the art school, maintains a studio there where he spends his weekends, getting postal sketches of the river and bluffs.

More than twenty states were represented at the meetings during Journalism week, and three foreign countries—not counting Kansas, according to Dean Walter Williams of the School of Journalism.

A. L. Preston of the Marshall Democrat-News has six sons all in the newspaper business. His four daughters, however, escaped into matrimony and elsewhere before he had a chance to nail them.

Everybody has always wondered what the lure was to the newspaper game. W. J. Sewell of the *Castlegate Press* thinks he has found out. He declares that back of every successful newspaper is someone who really loved the work.

The Rocheport Press Club was present at the Missouri Press Association meeting, large and small, but failed to offend the ears of the defenseless with its matchless quartet because Fred Harrison's mother was there, too, and felt he should remember he was now a postmaster.

It isn't often that a man and his son both become presidents of the same organization but that is what happened in the case of Mitchell White of the *Mexico Ledger* and his father, Col. R. M. White. They both belong now to the Past Presidents of the Missouri Press Association, an organization whose name explains itself and which adds one new member to its roll call a year.

In the library at the University of Missouri are numbers of bound volumes of Missouri papers that date back as far as 1819. In one printed in 1846, it is announced that further legislative work can not be done because all members have to go home to put the crops in. However, it cheerily advises, a quorum is being preserved so they can come back and finish as soon as their farm work is done.

All officials at the Boys' Reformatory at Booneville hold commissions in the United States army and titles. Not long ago an effort was made to make them wear army uniforms while on duty. However, this was defeated. Col. Harrison, commandant of the school and once pilot of the Booneville Republican, says because the school bricklayer objected strenuously on the ground that he was bow-legged.

During his talk to the Missouri Press Association at Neff Hall, Journalism week, C. L. Ficklip announced publicly his inalienable aversion to cliques of all kinds, angel food cake and mayonnaise.

The absence at the time of William R. Southern of the Independence Examiner was all that prevented hot words and perhaps a physical encounter, as he contends pumpkin pie is the one inexcusable crime.

P. Connor and the new-fangled radio weather reports have a rival at Columbia in the shape of a big whistle at the Stephens Publishing plant. Daily blasts from this whistle announce to Columbians and the farmers of surrounding territory what they may expect of the weather in the next twenty-four hours. The whistle can be heard four miles and more when the weather conditions are right. One long blast means fair weather, 2 long ones, rain or snow, 3 long ones, local rains, 1 short, colder, 2 short, warmer, 3 short, cold wave, 1 long, 1 short, fair and colder and so on. In true weather prophet style the whistle predicted snow during the whole of Journalism week which accounted for the frequent rains.

That the prophet is without honor in his own country is a trite quotation and everybody knows the power behind the throne is usually quite invisible, but this was brought home forcibly to a handful of people seated rather obscurely at the exceedingly well-managed banquet of the chamber of commerce of Columbia given to the Journalism week visitors. Near these people in a very quiet corner, all alone at a table and apparently forgotten by everybody was an unobtrusive young man. Sympathetic inquiry finally elicited the information that he was F. A. Elden, secretary of the chamber of commerce who had merely had charge of all the details.

The Missouri Writers Guild, which always has the first day of Journalism week, voted some important changes in both eligibility rules and in the constitution this year. Hereafter a marked line will be drawn between the active and associate members, the active member alone being permitted to wear the Guild insignia. Twice a year those associate members who have qualified to become active members will be admitted to active membership with due pomp and ceremony. The aim of the organization is to help the struggling writer struggle and the line drawn between active and associate membership is solely to give the unwritten writer an incentive to try and is not intended as a reflection on the associate member. The associate member will be welcome at all meetings but will not be permitted to vote, hold office, or attend business meetings.

A Manufacturing Center.

By William Southern, Jr., in Independence Examiner.

COLUMBIA, Mo., May 25.—Columbia is the greatest manufacturing center in Missouri. There are few tall smokestacks, there is not a large class of these who operate machines. Citizenship is the product and the raw material is the young men and young women who are confined to the care of the University and the girls schools located at Columbia. The influence of this product does all and much more than the great steel mills of Pittsburgh or the coal mines of the nation. The city of Columbia sends its lasting imprint to every nation, to every profession and into the homes.

Columbia is about the same size as Independence; it is much the same kind of a town. The people are Missourians whose ancestors were pioneers from Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Columbia dwells in homes upon which the wisteria vines climb, many of colonial style, blue grass lawns stretch to paved streets, shade trees everywhere and hospitality in every heart. The visitor at Columbia becomes enchanted with the people and is loath to return to the tasks which call.

I do not mean to say that there are no material manufacturing establishments in Columbia. The E. W. Stephens printing plant sends its products to every state, there are flour mills, for Columbia is the center of a great agricultural wheat and corn growing country, there are large orchards and fine stock dots well improved farms, a shoe factory has been located here, coal mines are in the county and the crop of politicians is perennial. No doubt sometimes the local commercial club starts out to get big manufacturing plants and

the people think that is what is needed to make the city an industrial center. My own idea is that it would be fatal, that Columbia was never intended to be a Pittsburgh, that tall stacks belching black smoke and the city filled with the things that such plants bring would forever destroy the Columbia we love so well. Columbia is a place in which to live, a city of homes and schools and churches and a real people, and that is honor enough. It may be that the lack of railroad transportation is an advantage and not a detriment.

Do not think for a moment that Columbia is entirely elysian. It is now struggling with the organization of a more ambitious Chamber of Commerce and meeting exactly the same difficulties which Independence has experienced. A few men must finance and run the institution and these get no credit for the unselfish work. Columbia human nature is just the same as Independence human nature. For several years one man has by common consent been head of the Commercial Club. Bob Hill manages and finances and makes speeches and presides with much talent. He is really a farmer and raises pigs and I expect he has to sell a pig or two every year as a sacrifice to the Chamber of Commerce. One slogan in Columbia is "Let Bob Do It."

Columbia needed a hotel. Not just an ordinary ten-thousand town hotel, but a real hotel. The citizens raised the money and The Boone Tavern is a hotel noted wherever traveling men are found. Tonight the several hundred visitors in Columbia will be entertained in the homes as guests. Every home is thrown open and each one of us has a personal invitation to dinner in one of the many delightful homes here. This is the greatest compliment which may be paid to men and women, to take them into your home and Columbia does these things graciously and likes to do it.

Newspaper men from over Missouri and from many other states are here this week meeting. We have been toasted and roasted and banqueted. It is an experience worth while, to be a guest in Columbia Journalism Week.

AT THE THEATERS

Hall.

Tonight and tomorrow.—Tom Mix provides a real lightning-fast, adventure story in "Chasing the Moon." He heads the call of the West and visits his cowboy friends, giving them a party in the city. This results in breaking his engagement. Then he spills some supposedly poisonous liquid on his hand and chases a professor, who knows the antidote, to Russia, his former fiancée after him. He discovers the liquid was not poison after all, and everybody is satisfied. Pathe News, Topics of the Day and Fables will also be shown.

Dorothy Childers Operated On.
Dorothy Nell Childers, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. E. R. Childers, was operated on at Parker Memorial Hospital this morning for the removal of her tonsils.

Columbia Mattress Factory
Cleans your old mattress
and makes it new.
Phone 1928.

Let Us Plan
Your Electric
Wiring
For That New House.

John L. Platt

17 S. 9th Phone 829
Successor to Chas. W. Furtney.

It's Best for Your Baby Chicks:



Red Ring
Buttermilk
Chick Mash

PURITY is as important in a baby chick feed as it is in a real baby's food. That is why Red Ring Chick Mash is a favorite with chicken-raisers. The purity of every ingredient in a perfectly-blended feed is assured you when you order Red Ring Chick Mash and Chick Feed from your grocer or the Mill. Phone "9."

Boone County Milling Co.
Makers of H-P Flour.

" . . . this my last will
and testament . . . "

On whom will you place the burden of executing that will?

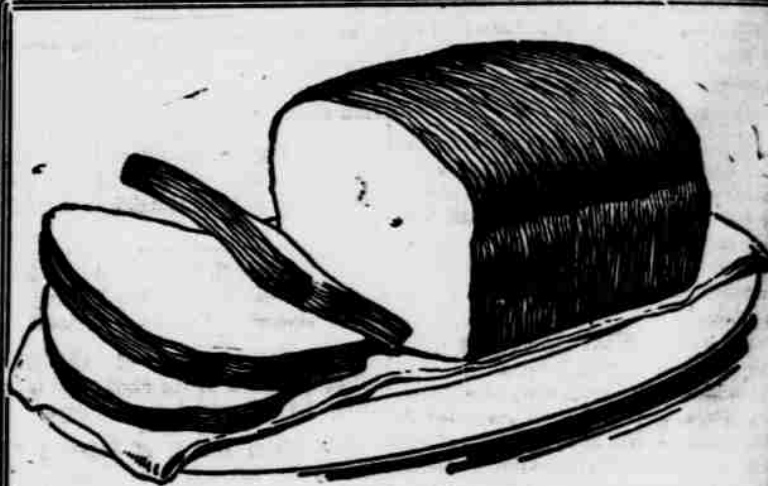
It is the most important document you will ever sign—your last will and testament.

Any individual you may name as executor may die, he may leave the state, he may default, he may lose his mind—any one of a score of unfortunate circumstances may unfit him for the task you have imposed.

None of these things will happen to the Boone County Trust Company.

Is that not sufficient reason for naming us as your executor?

BOONE COUNTY TRUST CO.
COLUMBIA, MO.



Eat Mother's Bread

Bread is your best and cheapest food and Mother's Bread is the best.

Made of Old Homestead Flour, Milk, Malt, Sugar, Salt and Fleischman Yeast combined with the work of experienced bakers. Well baked makes it the good wholesome Bread which has the delicious Home Made Flavor. When ordering Bread don't just call for Bread, call for Mother's Bread and insist on getting the bread called for.

Mother's Bread is made here at home in the Model Bakery.

14-18 N. Ninth St.

Phone 1164

"Her Husband's Wife"

Is

A Hypochondriac
(Get your dictionary)

A. E. Thomas presents a horrible example in his play. It is a three-act comedy—possibly a three-act farce—

I don't know what to call it.

At least it's clever.

Harlequin Players

Friday, June 2, 8:15 p. m.

University Auditorium

50 Cents

25 Cents